

## Poetical.

### A Rain Dream.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These stirrings, these tumults of the noisy world,  
Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by stealth,  
And Justice, the bold, is slow to give his pain,  
Oppress the heart with sadness!—O, my friend,  
In what serene mood we look upon  
The gloomiest aspects of the elements!  
Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile,  
As the slow wind is rolling up the storm,  
In fancy leave this mass of dusty streets;  
Ever shaken by the impulsive jar  
Of commerce, and up to the darkening air  
Look from the shelter of our rural home.

Who is not awed at Jove's to the Rain,  
Bending up his voice before him? Mighty Rain!

The upland slopes are shrouded by mist;

The vales are gloomy with shade; the pools

No longer glisten, and the silvery streams

Darker to veils of lead at thy approach.

O, mighty Rain! who art thou here?

A hand is raised to intercept thy way;

And as they pass each gay spring

Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods

Is struck and quivers. The tall tops slope

Their tresses from thee; a thousand languishing fields,

A thousand fainting garlands are revealed;

A thousand larks start to sing;

And with the grave murmur of the storm

Blow their light voices as they hurry on.

They'll sit the circle of the atmosphere

There is no living thing to work,

No bird to wing its nest, nor worm to work

The field; the serpent creeps not back;

His hood is on, the moment of the fitful

Has come to him; the insect crowds

Hither under his broad hat; the insect crowds

That made the sunshines populous, he close

With his hands, and leaves them bare;

Will summon them again. The mighty Rain

Holds the vast temple of the sky alone.

I shot my eyes, and, as in a dream,

The friendly clouds drop down spring violets

And summer columbines, and all the flowers

That left the woodland floor, or wreath

The streams—spicy grass for genii June;

Brown harvests for the brawny husbandman;

And flowers of dew a fragrant bower.

I see these myriad drops that shake the dust,

Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue

In billows on the lake or on the deep,

And bearing vials. I behold them change

To threats of crystal as they sink in earth,

And leave its stains behind, to rise again

In pleasant moulds of verdure, where the child,

Thirsty for life, may drink the dewy morsels

That take the cool dew water, rising it

To weep his pretty tears. To-morrow morn

How promptly will the waterily ride.

The brimming pool, overlooking like a queen,

Her circle of broad leaves. In hasty wastes,

When next the sunshines makes them beautiful,

Gay troops of butterflies shall light to drink

At the republished bower of the rock.

Now softly falls the dull, blank night, and still,

All through the hours stirs, the mighty Rain

With perpetual sound, the forest leaves,

And beats the muted grass; and still the earth

Drinks the unstoined hoofs of the clouds;

Drinks for the springing trout, the tolling bee,

And drowsy lamb; and still the pearly fields,

Roaming and serving still, like one who makes

The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets

A welcome or a friend, and still goes on

In darkness. Yet awhile, a little while,

And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play,

And tally with the flowers, and gaily lift

The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of rain,

And drive in joyous triumph, through the sky,

White clouds, the laggar remnants of the storm.

*—The Oregon.*

### The Last Patriot.

AM—*The Last Ride of Summer.*  
Tis the last's straight-out, patriot,  
Left mounting now, to ride.  
All his old "line" companions  
Have holed out gone!

Kronstadt has left him,  
To hold the fort, and the New  
Commercial is ready to go.

I'll not have them lone one,  
For foot to decide where,  
If the Union won't save her,  
What's left is right!

Thus kindly I make

The political bed,

Where some of the comrades

Were stuck at both ends.

Thus soon must follow

The old long-faith friends,

Whose mortal bones lie,

The long day of Summer

Will see them die,

And the winds of November

Will sweep them away.

## The Social Circle.

### Whispers for the Ears of a Moralist.

I am far, very far, from detracting from the benefits of a moral education, or saying aught to depreciate the importance of the most scrupulous self-culture. We can accomplish much by energy of purpose, by fidelity to conscience, by sensibility to honor. We can employ the principles of our nature, fallen though it be, in the consummation of a character which shall be distinguished by habits of nearly every specific virtue. The virgins, who went up and down in quest of them, might have gathered all the limbs of the maudied body of Osiris, and put them together in their order, but it would not have been Osiris himself. We can form habits of a character which shall be distinguished by habits of nearly all that is materially right, and yet be wanting in the true principle of holiness. It is a great mistake to suppose that total depravity means devilish wickedness. Death is one thing, and the putrefaction of the body another. Now, the Scriptures teach that the highest attainments of nature are only dead works. Left to itself, without check or hindrance to its spontaneous developments, it would produce nothing but wicked works; but modified by education, by example, by society, and by thousand influences which co-operate in the formation of character, it may exhibit the lowliness of life on the fastenets long after life has fled. Man can only act in obedience to his nature: from the very definition of the terms, it is the law of his mode of existence or of life. He can never, therefore, escape from the prevailing power of depravity. He may check one tendency by another; he counteracts one motive by another; just as in the physical world, one law may be made to control another, and effects may be produced by their combination which neither could singly produce. But we can never rise above these laws.

All power, after all, is in obedience. So man can never rise above his nature—all education is within its sphere. Hence the utter absolute impossibility of transferring himself from a state of depravity to that of holiness. He must be born again. The new nature must be imparted, and as it tends to do, it must come from God. Until the Divine Spirit shall renew us, we are incompetent to perform a single work that is acceptable to God. The victims which we bring to the altar are only lifeless carcasses. It is

illness to talk of a discipline in holiness to him to whom the *primum mobile* is wanting. Neither does the Bible leave us, after imparting the elemental germ of holiness, to the principal habits, or any other law of development and growth, to effect the perfection of our being. Having brought us into a state of fellowship with God, it maintains that fellowship by constant communications of his love—by ceaseless assistance of grace. We are committed to the tuition of the Holy Ghost, and under His guidance and inspiration we rise from one form to another, until we are rendered meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.—Hence the subjective states in which our holiness is manifested are not denominated habits but graces. They are not acquisitions, but gifts; and to reward us in perpetuity of the source of all our excellence, that attaches to us, the very language we employ is a confession of our own impotency, and an acknowledgment of God's free favor.—*Thornton's Discourses on Truth.*

### Kindness to Parents.

The following, which we clip from an exchange, is well worthy of a perusal. How many children there are who, after they go out into the world, forget "the old folks at home!"

Mother, how is the flour barrel? I get it! getting low," said a finely built man, as he paused for a moment before leaving the house where his gray-headed parents lived. "I must send you some; I have lately bought of the No. 9 brand, just for you to try. Upon my word it makes the old and sweetest biscuits that I have ever tasted—and you'll say so, too."

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